

And farwell friends, thus *Thibie* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duke. Moon-shine & Lion are left to burie the dead.
Demo. I, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted
their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or
to heare a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our com-
pany?

Duke. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs
no excuse. Neuer excuse; for when the plaiers are all
dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that
writ it had plaid *Piramus*, and hung himselfe in *Thibies*
garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy: and so it is
truely, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your
Bergomask; let your Epilogue alone.
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelue.
Louers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time,
I feare we shall out-sleepe the coming morne,
As much as we this night haue ouer-wacht.
This palpable grosse play hath well beguil'd
The heauy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity.
In nightly Reuels; and new iollitie.

Exeunt.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:
Whilest the heauy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fore-done.
Now the wasted brands doe glow,
Whilest the scritch-owle, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright;
In the Church-way paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darken'd like a dreame,
Now are frolicke; not a Mouse
Shall disturbe this hallowed house.
I am sent with broome before,
To sweep the dust behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.
Ob. Through the house giue glimmering light,

FINIS.

By the dead and drowie fier;
Euerie Elfe and Fairie spright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippinglie.
Tita. First rehearse this long by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we sing and blesse this place.

The Song.

Now 'till the breake of day,
Through this house each Fairy stray.
To the best Bride-bed will we,
Which by vs shall blessed be:
And the issue there create,
Euer shall be fortunate:
So shall all the couples three,
Euer true in louing be:
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their issue stand.
Neuer mole, barell, nor scarre,
Nor marke prodigious, such as are
Despised in Natinitie,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field dew consecrate,
Euerie Fairy take his gait,
And each seuerall chamber blesse;
Through this Pallace with sweet peace,
Euer shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by breake of day.

Robin. If we shadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you haue but slumber'd heere,
While these visions did appeare.
And this weake and idle dreame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Centles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend,
And as I am an honest *Pucke*,
If we haue ynearned lucke,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the *Pucke* a lyar call.
So good night vnto you all.
Giue me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* shall restore amends.



The Merchant of Venice.

Actus primus.

Enter Antonio, Salario, and Salanio.

Antonio.

N foot I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me: you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe 'tis made of, whereof 'tis borne,
I am to learne: and such a Want-wit sadnesse makes of
mee,

That I haue much ado to know my selfe.

Sal. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portly saile
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
Do ouer-peere the pettie Traffickers
That curfise to them, do them reuerence
As they flye by them with their wouen wings.

Salar. Beleeue me sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the graske to know where sits the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:
And euery obiect that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Sal. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great might doe at sea.
I should not see the sandie houre-glasse runne,
But I should thinke of shallows, and of flats,
And see my wealthy *Andrew* docks in sand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kisse her buriall; should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Vessels side
Would scatter all her spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silkes,
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know *Antonio*.

Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize.
Ant. Beleeue me no, I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate

Vpon the fortune of this present yeere:

Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sola. Why then you are in loue.

Ant. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of such vineger aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though *Nectar* sweare the iest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sola. Heere comes *Bassanio*,
Your most noble Kinsman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenzo*. Faryewell,
We leane you now with better company.

Sola. I would haue staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preiuented me.

Ant. Your worth is very deere in my regard.

I take it your owne busines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.

Sal. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say,
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Sal. Wee'll make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord *Bassanio*, since you haue found *Antonio*
We two will leane you, but at dinner time

I pray you haue in minde where we must meete.
Bass. I will not faile you.

Grat. You looke not well signior *Antonio*,
You haue too much respect vpon the world:

They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are maruellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A stage, where euery man must play a part,

And mine a sad one. *Gratiano*,
Grat. Let me play the foole,

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my Liuer rather heate with wine

Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose blood is warme within

Sit like his Grandfire, cut in Alabaster?
 sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the Jaundies

By